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## THE CHRONICLE.

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## MISCELLANY.

### GETTING A SUBSCRIBER.

Tired and fatigued from a long day's ride, covered with the dust we had gathered on a dry, sandy road, we called at Squire Hobbs to wet our mouths, rest our bones, and have a chat with the Squire. On our part, however, there was soon a disposition to talk less and doze more. This, Hobbs—a good humored soul—perceived as by intuition, and soon left us to the soft influence of nature's sweet restorer.

Now how long we slept we need not tell, and our readers need not know. It wasn't long, however, for loud talking in the Squire's office soon aroused us, and we listened to a conversation highly interesting to us. If it was eaves-dropping it was no fault of ours. It seems that Joseph Gulie—Old Joe, a clever, sober-sided, close-fisted neighbor of the Squire—had called in to talk about the crops, and matters and things, in general.

"Well Squire," said Mr. Gulie, "do you know where a fellow can buy a right smart chance of a nigger boy, these times?"

"Really, Uncle Joe, I don't know at this time. There was a sale in town last week, of six or eight negroes at the time."

"There was?"

"Yes. And I got a right likely negro boy, 18 years old, for \$450. My word for it, I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for him now."

"Just my luck—why, I never heard a word of it. Who told you of it, Squire?"

"O, you know I take the paper. I saw the sale advertised, and as I had to go to town any way, I went in on the day of sale—thinking perhaps I might hit a bargain; and I hit a bargain sure."

"Well, I swear, I have got to have a hand somehow. You see I have put in more than I have hands to work. Whose got a boy any where about, do you know?"

"You're too hard for me now Uncle Joe—the hiring season is over. About a month ago all the negroes belonging to the estate of H—, deceased, were hired out at auction; and I'm told they went very low."

"The d—l you say. Why didn't you tell me Squire?"

"I hardly know why. I saw it advertised in our paper; and I supposed everybody took that. Mor'n that I didn't know you wanted to hire. Did you know I have sold my Harden tract of land?"

"No. Who to?"

"Why a rich old fellow from Georgia. It was day before yesterday; and I got the yellow boys cash up—only six dollars per acre. He said that he came across our paper in Alabama; he liked the description of the country; saw my wee bit of an advertisement; and came to see me about it. We struck a trade in no time."

"Jernusalem! And here I've been trying to sell a tract of land for the last two years, and couldn't get a dollar and a half an acre. It's better land than yours too, and you know it, Squire. Well, 'what is 'tis, and can't be no tiser,' but I reckon, Squire, I've beat you on sugar. I bought, last week, two barrels of sugar at 6 cts., when every body had to give 7 cts. Beat that, eh?"

"With all ease, Uncle Joe, I bought mine at 5 cts."

"No sir—I don't believe it. Now, say where!"

"At the house of W— & Co. I got a rare bargain. You see, they advertised in the paper that they were selling off at cost. I knew groceries were all sold before night. I didn't pay the money either, for they took my United States land Warrant \$1.25 per acre."

"Now, now, Squire? That can't be, for my lawyer told me that it was not legal to sell my Land Warrant."

"Very true some time ago; but the news come lately in our paper, that Congress had made them assignable."

"Well 'tisn't fair!—it's really! What right have these Editors to get all the news and keep it to themselves?"

"Ah! Uncle Joe you don't understand it. Editors and printers labor night and day to gather the news and give it to the people—to instruct their readers—to inform them of all the improvements of the age—and ameliorate the condition of

mending our people and country to enterprising and intelligent emigrants. Can they labor thus for nothing? Should they not be paid? Is there a man who is not benefited by a paper? Is not every subscriber repaid fourfold for the pittance of \$2, his subscription price?"

"Stop, Squire! stop right there! I'm going to take the paper, I'll go to town to-morrow and take the paper—I'll take six, and send back to my folks in Georgia."

"You needn't go so far as that, here's the Editor right in the other room."

Here the parties rushed in upon us, where we were acting out most admirably a person fast asleep. It is enough for us to say that, after an introduction, the name of Mr. Joacum Gulie was entered upon our note book as a subscriber—paid in advance. And now when the parties alluded to shall read this, we hope they will pardon us for giving to the public the substantial facts urged by the Squire—and so effectually in "getting a subscriber."

PARK BENJAMIN'S LECTURE.—We find in the Philadelphia Press, the following notice of a lecture lately delivered in that city by Park Benjamin, Esq.:

PARK BENJAMIN'S LECTURE ON YANKEE DOODLE.—Mr. Park Benjamin's lecture at Concert Hall, last evening on "The Spirit of Yankee Doodle, or True Independence," was a decided hit, and must have resulted quite profitably to the Young Men's Central Home Mission, for whose benefit it was delivered. It abounded in many beautiful sentiments intended to apply more especially to what should constitute the beau ideal of independence for young men.

The style and character of the lecture was varied. The starting off in a philosophical strain on independence in the abstract, which he wound up with a sublime tribute to that beaming planet in the galaxy of our great ones of the past—the immortal Washington.

The "Yankee Doodle" part of the performance was next introduced, and "put through" in the genuine spirit of "Yankee Doodle Do!"

This part of the lecture excited great merriment, and when the part was introduced in which the red-coats had been at last compelled to wince out, "Yankee Doodle do!" it elicited a perfect paroxysm of laughter all over the house. The lecturer next took up the subject of personal independence, in which the various classes and grades of society and their relative independence was amusingly dealt with. The rich Joneses and the poor Jenkinses, the homeless bachelors and fading maidens, the wingless cherubs that murder matrimonial sleep, and a score of other individualities came in for their share of witty comment.

As the lecturer proceeded, he grew more racy in his style, and wound up, carrying his audience with a perfect storm of laughter and applause.

It was upon the whole a very creditable performance, both as to the matter and style of delivery. The sentiments it contained were sound; its more grave parts (for there was a sprinkling of gay and serious) were impressive.

### TRACHEOTOMY.—A BLESSED TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE.

—We witnessed, the day before yesterday, a triumph of surgical science, as applied to the preservation of life, which we think deserves at least a passing notice. The subject of it is a son about five years old, of Mr. Bonner, an industrious mechanic, who has his shop on Madison street, and we believe, a patient of Dr. Frazer. A violent attack of croup had run its course, defying all the usual remedies, and the little sufferer was in the article of death, suffocated by the effects of that terrible malady. As a last resort Dr. Fenner was called in, and the operation of tracheotomy or making an incision in the wind-pipe, resorted to on Sunday. A breathing tube was inserted, through which the lungs were inflated, and artificial breathing produced for some minutes, when the patient revived, and swallowed some water. We saw him on Wednesday, when his inhalation and respiration was carried on mostly through the tube. On yesterday, we learn, its use was entirely discontinued. The operation is not unique in itself; but its remarkable success in this instance warrants the belief that in many cases of croup, abandoned as hopeless, it might prove equally so, and hence we have deemed it not unworthy of notice.—*Memp. Bulletin* 13 ult.

PATRONS OF NEWSPAPERS.—We publish the following very modest request on the part of the publishers of the National Intelligencer, and solicit a consideration of the "matter involved" to the good sense of the subscribers to journals generally:—

"There is, perhaps, no class of the business community which feels more sensibly than the proprietors of the many public journals the effect of derangement of the currency, and other consequences of the money panic, which has so pertinaciously embarrassed the whole country for several weeks gone by, and which still continues. Under a certainty of this fact, we feel that no one of our readers will take exception to the general request which we address to all of them, that every one who knows himself to be indebted to this establishment, and is in circumstances to afford it, will forthwith render to us, in notes or draft on solvent banks, the amount of his indebtedness, or so much of it as he can conveniently pay."

"Ah! Uncle Joe you don't understand it. Editors and printers labor night and day to gather the news and give it to the people—to instruct their readers—to inform them of all the improvements of the age—and ameliorate the condition of

### JUDGE GOULD ON NATURALIZATION.

The Hon. Geo. Gould, of Troy, while holding a circuit of the Supreme Court in the Third District, was applied to by a stout Hibernian for "his papers," in the manner following, to-wit:

The Clerk informed the Judge that the man wished to be naturalized, and he (the Clerk) proposed to conduct the matter, as usual, at his own desk, without interrupting the business of the Court. The Judge replied that he knew no business more important than giving a man the full rights of an American citizen, and that he would himself conduct the proceedings in open Court.

The applicant thereupon produced his certificate of intention and his witnesses as to residence, good character, &c. After which the following colloquy ensued:

Judge—You say you prefer living in this country to returning to Ireland; will you tell me why?

Pat—This is a land of liberty, yer Honor.

Judge—You say that you are attached to our institutions; what are they?

Pat—(No answer.)

Judge—Who governs the country?

Pat—The President, sure.

Judge—Who makes the laws?

Pat—Such as yer honor.

Judge—No; I only administer the laws.

Who governs this State?

Pat—(No answer.)

Judge—Mr. Clerk, hand me the blank form of the Naturalization Oath. [This being handed to the Court, he addressed the applicant again.] There is in this oath a clause by which you are to swear that you will support the Constitution of the United States.

Pat—Oh, yes, yer Honor! I'm ready to swear to that.

Judge—Did you ever read that Constitution?

Pat—No, yer Honor.

Judge—Or a word of it?

Pat—No, yer Honor.

Judge—Did you ever hear a word of it?

Pat—No, yer Honor.

Judge—Can you read and write?

Pat—Yes, sir.

Judge—Do you know one word that is in the Constitution of the United States?

Pat—Indeed and I do not, yer Honor.

Judge—You have lived in this country nearly six years; you can read and write, and you have been all this time intending to become a citizen here, yet you have never taken the trouble to learn or know one word of the instrument you are now ready to take a solemn oath to support.—An American born here, and living here until he is twenty-one years of age, learns more or less of the Constitution under which he lives, as well as of the rights and duties of citizenship. At any rate, whether he does this or not, he is presumed to have done it, and therefore the laws of the land give him the right to vote without the formality of an oath; it is his birth right. To those not born on the soils the law applies a different rule, and requires from them the oath now under consideration in your case. I hold, that the due, even the decent, administration of that which should be at least understood; and I will never allow such an abuse of the law as would be committed by your taking that oath in your present circumstances. You cannot be naturalized by this Court.

The above, which is an exact relation of an actual occurrence, touches the very root of this matter of Naturalization, and of course applies to all nationalities as well as that of the subject of the story. The evils of which the American party profess to seek the cure, are the consequences of the abuse of the Naturalization Laws, not their proper administration. Had those laws been always, and were they now, administered with the integrity of purpose and common sense view of their requirements, exhibited by Judge Gould, there would be little ground of objection, if any, to the effect of their operation. The scattered remnants of the American party may make themselves consistently useful in their day and generation by endeavoring to secure the universal application of the sound and simple principles of which this case is an exponent.

### BAYARD TAYLOR.—The marriage of

Bayard Taylor, in Gotha, Saxony, to Miss Hanson, of Gotha, took place on the 27th ult. Mr. T. passes the winter with his bride at Moscow, where she has relatives residing. He is to come back to America next autumn, and Willis announces that he has "already written to him to claim for Idlewild the honeymoon of his return."

The Carroll Patriot, of Nov. 23d, says: Just as our paper was going to press, we received the painful intelligence of the death of Hon. C. H. Williams.

ANECDOTE OF BEAU HICKMAN.—We find the following among the good things in the Boston Evening Gazette:

A rich scene came off, the other day, in the Marine Court. Your readers will all remember the celebrated Beau Hickman. Beau has been staying here for some weeks past, at the Florence Hotel, where his bills are paid by his friends in the sporting line. On Thursday Beau was subpoenaed as a witness in the above court. The attorney on the opposite was a regular tartar. He prides himself upon his skill in examining witnesses, and claims that he can confuse a witness more successfully than any other member of the bar. One of his methods of doing this is when the witness hesitates, to snap at him like an angry terrier, worry and abuse him for his hesitation, and then seek to confound and embarrass him.

Before this man, Beau was brought up for cross examination. Beau took the stand, and, after giving his testimony in a very mild and timid manner, was handed over for cross-questioning by this keen set lawyer. He had in his direct testimony, affirmed that the sharp lawyer's client had "no money whatever." The counselor, with a look at Beau such as a hungry dog gives at a bone, asked:

"How do you know, Mr. Hickman, that my client had no money? Are you the keeper of his pocket-book?"

"He told me so, sir."

"When did he tell you so?"

"This morning."

"Where, sir?"

"In this very room."

"What did he say, sir?" Come, give us his very words—none of your inferences, sir."

"I don't like to answer that question."

"Ho, ho! So you're afraid to answer that question, are you? I knew I should drive you into a close corner. Come out with it, and none of your shirking here."

"I should rather be excused."

"Then I shall appeal to the Court to commit you for contempt."

"Well, sir, if I must answer, he told me this morning that he had no money."

"Well, sir, and what language did he use?"

"Why, I asked him to loan me half a dollar, and he said he couldn't for you had robbed him of every cent of his money, and if he didn't get out of your clutches soon his children would starve."

### INTERESTING FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.

Hon. Mr. Lamar, of Texas, some time since appointed minister to Buenos Ayers, has concluded to accept the mission to Costa Rica and Nicaragua. He will not go, probably, before spring. The power and scope of this mission will be similar to that of Sir Wm. Gore Ouseley, the purpose being to secure a thorough and effectual settlement of all the Central American questions.

The President expresses much annoyance at the announcement of the arrival of the sloop-of-war Saratoga, which was supposed to be guarding the San Juan river against the filibusters. If it proves that she has returned by order of Commodore Paulding, commanding the home squadron, the Commodore will be called upon for an explanation. There is now no United States vessel at San Juan, and if Walker's expedition lands there, the public will naturally believe that the Saratoga was withdrawn by prearrangement.

The steamer Susquehanna, from the Mediterranean squadron, is expected daily at Key West, where orders will meet her to proceed immediately to San Juan.

THE HOG MARKET.—The only sale heard of yesterday was 150 head taken by a city clearing house at \$5 25 net averaging 215 lbs. We understood last evening that parties were buying in the country at \$4 gross. Telegraphic dispatches received from Cincinnati yesterday quote hogs at \$5 00@5 25—a decline in that market of nearly 50 cents a hundred. This accords with the prediction made by us a week ago—that Cincinnati prices were putting up the prices for the purpose of directing the hogs there, and that, as soon as they would be brought in, the prices would be put down. A few of the houses were killing yesterday, though the weather last evening was getting rather warm. If the weather is favorable all the houses except one will be killing to-morrow. Watkins & Owsley expected to receive 1,300 last night.

We learn from the Valley Times that the hog cholera is spreading rapidly in the counties of Morgan, Greene, and Owen, Indiana.

The Cincinnati Gazette of yesterday notices the following sales in provisions made on the preceding day.—*Low. Jour.*

In provisions the only sale heard of was 100 bbls No. 1 lard at 10¢; at close it could have been had at 10¢. There were buyers for mess pork at \$14 and sellers at \$14 25; green meat were dull at 4¢, 6¢ and 7¢; for shoulders, sides, and hams.

The New Albany Ledger of last evening says:

Messrs Irwin & Co. commenced killing yesterday. They had about 1200 hogs in pen. The price offered is 5¢ net on time. Very few cash sales have been made.

The Russellville Herald of Wednesday says:

Monday last being county court day, a number of farmers were in town desiring to dispose of their hogs at \$4 25@4 50 gross; and several speculators were in town also offering \$4 gross; but we heard of no sales except a few small lots at \$4, to be delivered on foot and killed by the purchaser. The farmers generally are not disposed to take \$4 gross, and packers are consequently but little has been sold. We however last week heard of a few sales at \$3 50 and \$4 gross.

THE GRAVE OF THE BELOVED.—How precious is the spot to us where the remains of a beloved friend or relative lie, in whose society we once took so much delight. The mother loses often there to retire, and while standing beside the grave of her beloved child, to call to mind the scenes of by gone days, when the loved one, now reposing in the silence of the grave, smiled upon her, and called her by the endearing name of mother.

There the father spends hours in looking back to the time when he knew his beloved and promising son, whom none knew but to love, was the joy of his heart and the object of his greatest care and solicitude. The husband or wife here come to meditate, and mourn over the loss of a departed companion; all, from the nearest relative, to the warm hearted and sorrow stricken friend, here resort to meditate on the happy seasons of the past, and look forward to the future, when they too shall be laid beside those whom they love, and with them enter another state of being.

A sailor dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the first lieutenant.

"Wretch!" said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, "where the d—l did you come from?"

"An' sure I come from the north of Ireland, yer honor."

A leading cotton manufacturer in Hampden county, Mass., says that there is not a three months' supply of cotton goods in the country. If this be true, the mills must soon resume work, or prices will advance before spring.

GIPSIES IN THE MOUNTAINS.—The Weston (Lewis county) Herald says:—"On Friday last our town was greeted by the arrival of a swarm of Gypsies, men, women and children, numbering in all some fifteen persons. They came in strange looking vehicles, constructed for camping purposes, and were supplied with all manner of culinary utensils, nick nacks, and odd fixings. Horses and mules in the lead, and numerous dogs and puppies, made the Gipsy caravan complete, which presented an appearance at once singular and in perfect keeping with their strange habits. Their business is professedly to humbug and steal from the people, and any caution to our citizens is unnecessary, inasmuch as the past visits of this floating race will be remembered."

MANUFACTURE OF CANDLE WICKS.—The wicks of tallow candles that require no snuffing, are made in a peculiar manner. One thread of the wick is first impregnated with sublimate of bismuth, ground up in oil, and the strand is bound round with this thread spirally. The several strands—one, two, or three—are then spirally wound round a very thin wire, which is placed in the center of the mould, and the tallow is poured in; when cold, the rod is withdrawn. On burning such candles, the wicks uncoil and form so many separate flames, while their ends, coming intact with the air at the edge of the flame, are consumed.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.

The steamer Africa, from Liverpool on the 14th, has arrived. She brings upwards of £330,000 in specie. Her advisers have been anticipated by the Vanderbilt.

The victor in an argument can afford to dispense with the "last words."

If one would see the nearest representation of hell on earth, let him look into a gold or silver mine.

That man is not the discoverer of any art who first says the thing, but he who says it so long, so loud, and so clearly, that he compels mankind to hear him.

The more true merit a man has, the more does he applaud it in others.

The following is on a tombstone in Ireland:

"Here lies the body of John McNeill. Lost at sea and never found."

It is a common objection with amateur cultivators of the strawberry that their beds constantly require replanting; also that they are greatly troubled with the weeds during the bearing period. To such, and to all others not acquainted with the cultivation of this most desirable fruit, we would say that if they will, as soon this month as convenient, give their beds a good dressing of short, well-rotted stable manure, broken up finely—as solid lumps may press too heavily upon the plants—previously applying a tolerable sprinkling of wood ashes, if at hand, the plants will be preserved in fine, vigorous health, and will take a very early start when the season again opens. In the spring very little of the manure, if any, need be removed—the plants will strike through the covering energetically and the top-dressing will act as a mulching, preserve the ground in a properly humid state and prevent the growth of weeds. We follow this plan with entire success.

It is folly to complain of a want of success in the production of any fruits if the necessary and obvious means are not adopted to entitle us to success. Those who are unwilling to give a little time, labor and expense to their proper cultivation had better abandon it altogether.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

### SAVING CABBAGES.

The best way to preserve cabbage green all winter, so that their good qualities shall in no manner deteriorate, is as follows:—As late this month as the weather will allow dig out your cabbages that you have set apart for winter use; dig trenches, say eighteen or twenty inches apart and from twelve to twenty feet in length, as may be most convenient and in accordance with the quantity to be preserved; transplant your cabbages firmly in these trenches, as closely as they will stand together. When your bed is finished raise a platform some eighteen or twenty inches high over them, which can be made of any refuse posts, rails or boards about a place; across this place a few bean poles or laths, and upon the whole throw a quantity of bean haulm, corn stalks, straw, or any material of this kind, as a protection against wet and frost—and you can eat green cabbage up to April, finer than if plucked from the garden in October.—*Ge. Tel.*

CAUTION TO FARMERS.

Mr. Geo. W. Effinger, living near town, has lost five head of young cattle and two fine milch cows, within the last few days, by permitting them to run in the field where he was feeding his hogs. The hogs ate the stalks of corn, and left them on the ground after chewing. These were taken up by the cattle, eaten, swallowed, and not being digestible, produced an itching all over. They at once commenced rubbing their heads, when their throats swelled, and in a short time death ensued. We have heard of other farmers losing cattle that were suffered to run where hogs were fed in this way.—*Rockingham Reg.*

THE PILLOW CASE.—The Nashville Union has undertaken the difficult task of defending General Pillow against the crushing attack of Gen. Scott. This is, indeed, "love's labor lost." Pillow is so entirely demolished, that all the "Unions" in the Union would find it impossible to bolster him up.

BETTING ON ELECTIONS.—The Supreme Court of Tennessee, in session at Knoxville, decided the other day, that betting on an election held out of the State, is not indictable in Tennessee. Betting on the result of an election, for instance, is not an offense against the laws of Tennessee.

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease. Many without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock.

A farmer of Cortland, New York, says that wheat can be prevented from spoiling in bins, if one dry brick is put in with it for every five bushels.

Silence never shows itself to so great advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation.

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